

WATTERSON ON CLEVELAND.

A Sharp Dissection of the Ex-President's Pretensions and a Warning to the Democracy.

Washington Post, Ind.]

The first gun of the battle of 1900 is fired somewhat early, but it is fired by the Reform Club in New York last Saturday night. The Reform Club is made up exclusively of the personal followers of Mr. Cleveland. It exists in point of fact to exploit the fame and to advance the interests of the ex-President. The names of Fairchild and Hornblower and Peckham are a sufficient guarantee that the association has no other source of inspiration nor any further point of destination. The dinner was given to place Mr. Cleveland in the field as a candidate for President, and from this time forward all the appliances of a small but energetic and intelligent machinery will be put forth to make a campaign of education and a canvass for Mr. Cleveland synonymous terms.

Mr. Cleveland can never again be President of the United States. Under no conceivable circumstances ought he to be. That he should contemplate another candidacy affords strong evidence of a lack in him of integrity and virtue. That a club of satellites should conspire to place him again in nomination is not merely proof of the treason of its members to their country and to the party to which they profess allegiance, but of a degrading sacrifice of patriotism and manhood.

But there can be no reason to doubt the fact that Mr. Cleveland is the one man to be reckoned with by those who seek to attain good government as distinguished from the operations of rampant partyism, swinging the pendulum from one to the other of the two extremes of political excess. From first to last this election, self-seeking man has been the direct cause, the chief occasion, of all our undoing. To go back no further than the last internal Democratic conflict, if six months before the nominating period in 1896, Mr. Cleveland had firmly said, "I will not be a candidate under any circumstances, nor allow my name to be used by anybody," the elements of order in the party could have got together and united on some leader equal to the task of meeting and beating the extremists. But Mr. Cleveland could not be induced to make the slightest sign. He was as silent as an oracle, standing the while exactly where the lightning might be expected to strike. Except for this, paralyzing Carlisle, Kentucky could have been held; but Kentucky gone, the rest followed like a landslide. Mr. Cleveland was known to be covertly a candidate, and, handicapped by him, the friends of sound money and revenue reform were overwhelmed by the malcontents, raised up in the first place by Mr. Cleveland's exasperating temper and incompetency for leadership.

It is discouraging to the friends of reform in the South and West that this premature movement for honest politics and sound money should be freighted down by a name which is potent only for evil. But it is still more discouraging to reflect that the man behind this name is as indefatigable as he is mischievous; that he is very much richer than ever he was, and much more ambitious than ever he was; that his removal to New Jersey was the first and last step in his new plan of campaign; that every day of his life in that effeminate Italian land, he will write from two to fifty letters, addressed to persons in every part of the country; that, posing as a retired statesman and philosopher, and playing upon the credulity of the simple-minded and easily flattered, he will leave no string untouched for stimulating the activity of the expectant; and that day and night the Reform Club, having in charge the circulation of Democratic literature, will be silently, surely working to the one end, which he and they have before them—his nomination in 1900.

If Mr. Cleveland were possessed of the faculty for conceiving any public affair apart from his own interest—even if he had any real sense of personal dignity—he would rid the great questions at issue from the embarrassment of a presence which is not a help but a menace. Instead of playing the part of a philosopher and statesman while exhausting every article to regain the Presidency, he would perceive the grandeur of being such in point of fact, and of enjoying, like a statesman and a philosopher, the repose of his honors and his years. But he would not be himself if he considered anything else than his own desire and will. The executive office represents both. He likes the power, the emoluments and the employment. He has a talent for industry. He is dominant and experienced. To him the Presidency has become, what indeed he made it while he had it, a personal affair, held regardless of party obligations. Destitute alike of imagination and of sympathy, he has subjected everything and everybody to his unbounded and unquenchable egotism. This egotism indeed became so sincere that he grew at last to believe that he did actually know something of the questions of his time and had some policy other than his love and his power to dispose of them.

Mr. J. C. Shaffer, of Evanston, Ill., is to present a marble bust of Miss Frances E. Willard to the Northwestern University, of which institution Miss Willard is an alumna.

Count Diego de Coello, who died recently, filled the post of Spanish Ambassador at the Court of Rome, and, having married a famous beauty, settled in Italy as a journalist. He founded the "Epoca," of Madrid.

When the Prince of Wales opens the new municipal buildings at Oxford on May 12 he is to be presented with an address from the corporation, inclosed in a basket of beaten silver with enamel, beautifully ornamented and chased. The Prince will open the front gate of the buildings with a golden key.

Ex-Governor Burleigh, of Maine, who is elected to succeed the late Seth L. Milliken in Congress, is 53 years old and has a family of which he is proud. His wife, who has known him since boyhood, is a woman of great mental force and is in thorough sympathy with her husband in all his business ventures. They have three sons and three daughters.

When President McKinley was running for Congress in 1890 he was forced to fight for every vote, owing to the way in which Ohio had been gerrymandered by the Democrats. One Republican had recently been married and had gone off his wedding trip, and in order to secure his vote Mr. McKinley sent him this telegram: "It is right to be married, and I congratulate you with all my heart, but every man owes a debt to his country. This debt can be paid by voting as his conscience dictates."

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indispensable to any progress in the direction of reform, which, while he stood as its official chief, encountered nothing but obloquy and defeat.

The Grant Memorial.

Philadelphia Press April 28.]

The celebration connected with the dedication of the Grant monument yesterday was altogether worthy of the occasion. Nothing of popular interest or official dignity or spectacular display was lacking to make it the most impressive and majestic ceremonial. The participation of the President and of all the leading representatives of the Nation, the presence of the Ambassadors of foreign powers, the attendance of the Governors of the States, a military and civil procession unequalled since the war, an imposing naval demonstration and a mighty concourse of people from all parts of the country—all this splendid pageant, with the just and appreciative tributes to General Grant's genius, constituted such a commemorative tribute as has never before been witnessed in our history.

It is gratifying that New York has prepared and consummated this memorial in an eminently creditable manner. Every American will feel a pride that the metropolis has erected this stately monument to the Nation's hero and has consecrated it in a spirit worthy of itself and of the subject. The mausoleum is itself a great achievement. If there was hesitation and diffidence at the beginning it was fully atoned by the magnificent response when the people became aroused to a just sense of what was due to themselves and to their great military commander. From that time the movement has been a splendid illustration of the best qualities of patriotic and public spirited citizenship.

In its simple but imposing architectural grandeur the monument takes its place among the noblest memorials of this character, and its completion and dedication contribute it under the finest auspices to the Nation's trophies. It was essentially a national celebration. All that was representative in the Nation and in the State shared in the ceremony. But this does not detract from the credit due to New York which has so successfully carried out the great project and has summoned the Nation to join in the crowning honors of the dedication. There was fitness in what was said as well as in what was done. The brief address of President McKinley was singularly apt, chaste and graceful. It was a model of fine sentiment and beautiful expression. It embodied a just estimate of the true quality of Grant's simple greatness and correctly expressed, as befitted the Republic's Chief Magistrate, the profound and undying sentiment with which the Republic cherishes the fame of its greatest hero. The more elaborate oration of General Porter was a thoughtful, judicious and eloquent tribute to the great commander from one who knew him in the intimacy of close personal association and friendship. It touches both the civil and the military sides of his matchless career and depicts not merely the heroic deeds, but the shining attributes which are the foundation of his fame.

General Grant's countrymen were somewhat slow in reaching a just sense of his real greatness. His own nature was so modest and unassuming that it did not seem to command homage. He was so free from all dramatic and self-asserting methods that his high qualities did not at the outset impress themselves upon observers. But this very simplicity came in the end to augment the general estimate, and the consecration of this stately monument, with all the ceremonies surrounding it, demonstrates how deeply and enduringly he is enshrined in the nation's heart. We have erected no such mausoleum to any other. In the popular conviction Grant is associated with Washington and Lincoln in the trinity of immortal leaders who have done most for the Republic's life, but no such memorial has been constructed for the other two. There is only one other in all the world that is of the same majestic order. The body of Frederick the Great sleeps in a very simple crypt. The tomb of William of Orange is only the chief feature of a modest church at Delft. Wellington has but one of many monuments in St. Paul. The only mausoleum which matches or overmatches this is the stately Invalides at Paris beneath whose glittering dome repose the remains of Napoleon. It is a matter of pride that within so few years after the death of General Grant so worthy a memorial has been brought to completion, and is shown that, with all the practical instincts and tendencies of the American people, there is still a deep vein of sentiment in their nature.

PERSONAL NOTES.

General Cadorna, who commanded the Italian troops when they took possession of Rome in 1870, died recently at the age of 82 years.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale and Mrs. Hale were the guests of honor at a dinner given by the Channing Club, of Boston, on Monday evening.

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on election day." The young man returned in time to vote.

EVENTS OF INTEREST.

It is claimed that Bath, Me., has more smokers than any town of its size in the country.

The bakers of America last year sent about 14,206,314 pounds of bread and biscuit, for which they received \$634,000.

The Barbers' International Union of San Francisco has opened a free employment bureau and is making a success of it.

Fortune tellers have become such a nuisance in Milwaukee that the police department has been compelled to take steps for its suppression.

Two white-winged crows make daily visits to Robert Mullin's farm at Rochester, Md., but so far they have eluded efforts to capture them.

A really handsome pocket-piece has gone into obscurity. It was the \$50 dollar piece of octagonal form which was issued somewhere in the fifties.

In Boston the schoolboys have been enlisted in the work of keeping the streets clean in the north end. They have been organized into clubs and take a keen interest in the matter.

A North Carolina man has committed suicide because he voted for a negro for public office last fall. He was a new convert to Populism, and was actuated by excessive zeal, but had brooded over the matter ever since.

People at the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H., claim that the \$8000 allowed by Congress will not even make the old frigate Constitution watertight, and that \$80,000 would not fit her for sea. People at the Portsmouth Navy Yard do not wish her to leave it, either for Boston or Washington.

A new paper in Arkansas is called the "Scorpion." The Little Rock "Democrat," in speaking of it, says: "We have had the 'Toothpick,' the 'Tonahawk,' the 'Ripaw,' the 'Buzz Saw,' the 'Thomas Cat,' the 'Bazoo,' the 'Horse-shoe' and the 'Horn,' but nothing so like the 'wild and woolly West' as the 'Scorpion' has ever made its appearance in this section before."

An old violin has just been sold in Baltimore which is said to have been once the property of Thomas Jefferson. It was made by August Wilhelm Glier, of Germany. It is said to have been bought by the Baltimore dealer from a negro 92 years old, who lived in Virginia, at the base of the Monticello Mountain. He claimed that the violin was bequeathed to his father, who was one of Jefferson's slaves.

ROAD CONSTRUCTION.

The Two Essential Points to Be Aimed at by Builders.

Prof. F. J. M. Meier, in a paper read before the Albany Institute, says that the question of good roads in this country is now at about the same stage at which it was in England a century ago. At that time roads were so bad that a general investigation was undertaken resulting in the formulation of certain rules for road building, whose adoption led to the construction of the fine highways for which Great Britain has so long been famous. The problem was then of great commercial importance, as England had no railroads. The experience of over 2,000 years has shown conclusively that there are two essential points to be aimed at in the construction of a road. First, a hard, smooth waterproof surface; second, a thoroughly dry foundation. These principles were known to the Romans 300 years B. C. The surface of a good road may be of sufficient strength to resist the wear and tear of traffic, and smooth enough to prevent underwearing of vehicles. In connection with this, the road's breath must be made dry, and kept dry. Therefore, the subject of road drainage is as important as that of road metal. The best road covering is composed of angular fragments of some stone, which will grind on the surface into a dust, which, when wet, will bind or, in a measure, cement the fragments together, so that water will not penetrate. The angular form is essential to make the fragments interlock. The stones should be quite uniform, except that the surface layer may consist of smaller fragments than the bottom course. The total thickness of this metaling must be at least six inches on a natural soil foundation. The fragments should not exceed 2 1/2 inches in diameter, and should be rolled by a heavy steam roller until the surface is absolutely firm.

FARM TELEPHONE.

Good Results Can Be Obtained at an Expense of a Few Cents.

For a cheap, short-distance telephone, take a tin can (oyster or fruit) and punch a hole in the bottom large enough for the eye of a metallic button.

CONSTRUCTION OF A FARM TELEPHONE.

to pass through. Next procure some fine copper wire and fasten to the button. Twist the end of wire down firmly with pliers (see 5 in the illustration) so that it will not stick up; then run through loops of leather, and fasten the wire as tight as it will stand and the phone is ready for use. If the wire is kept tight it will work well for copper 20 rods in still, cold weather. Copper wire costs about 20 cents per 100 feet. The illustration shows the telephone complete: 1, 1 are the tin cans; 2, 2 are buttons; 3, 3 are the wires; 4, 4 are the loops for support; 5, 5 are the loops for support.

Color of Eyes.

It is said that the health of the brunet type of eye is, as a rule, superior to that of the blond type. Black eyes usually indicate good powers of physical endurance. Dark blue eyes are most common in persons of delicate, refined or effeminate natures, and generally show weak health.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

What Clara Liked Best.

Mother—Clara, don't like that young Mr. Huggard coming here so often. Clara (who likes Huggard but wishes to clear her mother a different opinion)—Yes, I am always glad when the time comes for him to go.

Yes, I know why, too. Because he always kisses you at the front door when he goes.—The Graphic.

Preacher's Sweetheart.

A light shone from the open door of the low log structure that answered the double purpose of church and school-house. The gleam fell upon the yellowish leaves of a pawpaw tree that stood close to the path that led to the door. Beyond the pawpaw was an irregular mass that moved restlessly in the darkness. Observed closely it would have resolved itself into a number of horses tied to saplings, and stepping about noiselessly as they stretched their heads toward the tempting leaves beyond their reach.

Divine service was going on in the log building, and the tones of the minister floated gut into the darkness in solemn cadence. Often they were interrupted by a deep-grunted "Amen!" or "U-m-m-ah!" Yes, Lord! the manner in which many worshippers expressed their approbation of the preacher's utterances. A mounted figure came close to the shaft of light and dismounted. As he did so the clamping of the harness horses reached his ears. Noiselessly he made his horse fast to a redoubt stem, and crept through the bushes to where the uneasy equines were tied.

He passed from horse to horse, feeling swiftly over each, as if in the darkness his hands were doing duty for eyes in revealing the merits or demerits of each animal.

The voice of the preacher came clear and strong to the ears of the man among the horses. He listened a moment as the voice told him, in simple words, the sweet truths of the Bible. Somehow the words of the good book seemed to the man in the darkness to be addressed directly to himself, and presently, as he listened, he removed his old slouch hat as reverently as if he had been within the sanctuary.

Then, as the words of invitation and consolation rang out clear and sweet, the man by the horses removed his hand from the neck of a little mare and muttered: "Preacher is a stunner, shore. Reckon I'll leave the filly. Might belong to the preacher, an' bein' a preacher, o' course it's the only horse he's got."

As he returned to his own animal, he paused again to listen. Presently he dropped the hand that was tying the bridle and ran into the bar of light that shone from the open door.

"I'll try it," he muttered. "De'n a long time since I've set in a church."

His slouching entrance was hardly noticed by the congregation of shock-headed men and sallow-faced women, so attentive were they to the preacher's utterances.

The preacher was a small, pale-faced man, plainly, almost shabbily dressed, and as he stepped awkwardly backward, he felt behind the rude pulpit, the last corner said that he was lame.

Presently he rose and slouched out, and, mounting his horse, dashed away down a bridle path, whither he knew no road. Presently some small animal sprang from the path, and the horse swerved to one side, and the next moment there came a blow on the rider's head as if the great hackberry tree stretched far above had fallen upon him.

The man fell from the horse, the animal kicked the unconscious man before he had touched the earth.

An hour after, the pale-faced preacher, limping along the path, almost stumbled over the prostrate figure beneath the great hackberry. The old slouch hat had fallen from his head, and the blood from a long wound across his forehead had soaked his matted hair. The preacher's slight form staggered under the task, but by a series of heroic efforts he managed to convey the unconscious man to the little log where he lived alone. It was many days before the sufferer could do more than spit like a helpless child in the old splint in the bottom rocker and watch the preacher as he limped back and forth attending to the wants of his unexpected guest. The stranger had been badly hurt. The blow on his head, as he came in contact with the long-hanging hair, had very nearly fractured his skull, and the ribs of the horse had broken several.

One day there came a letter addressed in a delicate feminine hand, and the preacher had almost completed his answer when the hour arrived for him to start for the little log church. After he had gone, the invalid saw that the letter and its unfinished answer lay on the home-made table, and read both.

"From his sweetheart," the invalid said aloud. "I'm almost sure to see her as I read them lines. That she is, yaback over kin send the money to bring her out yere to him. The time has be'n mighty long already, she says, but she'll wait for him if it takes half her life. Brave little girl! Bids him keep on his courage, for she is shore he'll soon get to keep his life waiting. All the while kit of ye air good for is to raise horses for me to run off with."

The invalid paused, and shook one hard fist at an imaginary auditor.

"Yes, lang ye! Pay him well 'en yer sould git bigger. If you was white, you'd pay more money an' do less grunting in church. Look at it!" he went on, with rising wrath. "Yere's a man an' a Christian a-workin' the life of his soul, an' return ye him jist as ye kin to keep him from plum starvin'! All the while kit of ye air good for is to raise horses for me to run off with."

Again he shook his fist at the imaginary auditor.

"That's for ye! Look at it! Yere, fer workin' himself to death for yer sould, ye pay him so little that the time when he can bring his little waitin' sould west seems years off! Yes, an' yere I am, a-doin' ye no good, an' stealin' every one o' yer horses I kin git my hands on. In my case, ye club together an' offer a reward 'u \$200 list to git me. Give him starvation wages an' have him all the time."

He passed through the open door of the low log structure that answered the double purpose of church and school-house. The gleam fell upon the yellowish leaves of a pawpaw tree that stood close to the path that led to the door. Beyond the pawpaw was an irregular mass that moved restlessly in the darkness. Observed closely it would have resolved itself into a number of horses tied to saplings, and stepping about noiselessly as they stretched their heads toward the tempting leaves beyond their reach.

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an' offer \$200 list to have me a few hours! That's jist, ain't it?"

Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him, and he brought one hand flat down on the table with a thump.

"I'll do it, I will! He shall have his sweetheart, an' that mighty quick."

It was after midnight when the preacher returned, and it seemed to the other that he looked paler and limped more painfully than usual.

"My friend," the preacher said, presently, "I'm glad to have you so nearly recovered, for this house can only shelter you a few days longer."

"Why?" asked the invalid; "air ye gettin' tired o' me?"

"Certainly not; but the owner of this house has warned me to leave because I am unable to pay the rent, and—"

"What'll ye do now?"

"I do not know. Doubtless I'll see my way out of it all, but I do not now, I—"

"Parson, will ye do me a favor—one more on top o' all you've done for me?"

"Gladly, if I can," the young preacher replied.

"Take this note to the leader of the Protective association—"

"Anns Hudding?"

"That's him. He's a particular friend o' mine, an' I'll be mighty glad to see me. Do this right now, an' it'll be the last thing I'll ask ye to do."

The door opened softly, and half a dozen men with weapons in their hands entered without a word. Not a movement of the invalid's face showed that he understood the errand that had brought these stern, silent men to the cabin.

"Howdy!" he saluted. "Take cheera, gentlemen."

"Jack Harris," said the leader of the vigilantes, "we want you!"

"Wal, ain't you got me?" asked the other, quietly.

"Yes," muttered the leader, "and we are a-goin' to keep ye!"

"Wal, I don't reckon I blame ye," Harris answered. "It's been a long time since ye got a chance at me, an' I don't wonder ye want to keep me. Did the preacher give ye information?"

"Yes."

"Has he got the reward yet?"

"No, o' course not. We ain't goin' to do no cash-in-advance business."

There was the sound of a struggle at the door and a voice crying:

"Let me in! I will go in!"

"Let the preacher," some one said, "Dibs a holdin' him outside."

A pistol gleamed from beneath the table, and Jack Harris' hand leveled it at the leader's head.

"Let him in!" he said, sternly.

The preacher's white face was flushed and there were tears in his eyes as he limped across the room to Jack Harris' side.

"Oh, my friend," he cried, "what have I done? What have I done?"

"Delivered my note, I reckon."

"Yes; and sold your liberty for money! But God knows I am innocent of any intent to do so. He buried his face in his hands."

"Now," said Harris, sternly, "Hudden, give the parson his reward. W'n the money's in his hand I'll drop this gun. While it's up you know how safe your life is."

The vigilantes conferred together for a moment. Then each produced his pocketbook and dropped a sum of money into the leader's slouch hat. As the money was poured on the table, Harris laid the pistol beside it.

"That," he said, "take me."

Then, as handcuffs were quickly snapped upon his wrists, he turned to the young preacher. "Parson," he said, "that's all make you and the little girl in the east happy. Good-by."

The young preacher sprang forward. "Men," he cried, "one moment! Then in tones that thrilled the hearts of the listeners, he told the story of the horse thief's sacrifice. The little group shuddered almost unawakened when he had finished.

"Boys," said the leader, suddenly, "let's boss o' this yere association, ain't it?"

"You air," they answered. "An' what I say goes." "An' what I say goes." "An' what I say goes." "An' what I say goes."

FOUND IN A CAVE.

Kentucky Officers Discover a Moon-shiner's Outfit.

A Crooked Whisky Distillery a Mile Under Ground—Success of a Desperate Undertaking.

When, some weeks ago, Deputy Collector J. C. Wilson, of Harrodsburg, Ky., and Deputy Tom Austin, of Lancaster, quietly perfected plans to visit Rockcastle county and raid the moonshiners still in what is known as Salt Peter cave, they did not dream of the find they would make. This cave is situated on Crooked creek, in one of the wildest sections of country to be found in Kentucky, and has long been known as a rendezvous of the worst class of law-breakers, and for this reason has always been given a wide berth by government men, none of whom ever dared explore it. When they began their preparations for the raid they were warned by some who were familiar with the desperate character of the outlaws to forego the undertaking, but this they refused to do.

One morning the posse left Livingston station, on the Knoxville branch of the Louisville & Nashville railroad, and, after a ride that lasted until nine that night, arrived at the cave. Entering the hole in the side of the mountain, they traversed a distance of 600 feet and came to a narrow defile which they were compelled to pass in single file, and which led them into a spacious apartment. At the further side of the chamber was an opening that led downward to a depth of 30 feet, the bottom of which they reached by means of a rope placed there for that purpose by those who utilized the cave for their unlawful purposes.

Reaching the bottom, the posse descended straight forward for a quarter of a mile, where they were again compelled to go down 30 feet on a crude ladder; thence there was a gradual descent for nearly half a mile, and then the way led upward for fully 600 feet, which was easily ascended by means of steps cut in the dirt.

From the top of these steps a straight and level passage led them for fully 200 feet, and from there on, for about the same distance, the way again led down a gradual incline. Then for 600 or 700 yards a level and smooth path led to another chamber, where the officers found a clear spring of sparkling water, and within a few feet thereof was a trough filled with water, and within a few feet of the trough was found a moonshine still in a furnace of the finest masonry. The capacity of this still was 100 gallons, with eight fermenting tubs of 800 gallons each, full of new mash and ready for operation, and leaning against the wall here were four Winchester rifles.

The distillery apparatus was destroyed and the firearms confiscated. Proceeding 100 yards further another still of the same capacity was found, and near by three Winchesters, which were also taken.

Between these two stills, in an out-of-the-way corner of the chamber, was found a box containing the bones of two skeletons, while the bones of another lay by the side of the box. The officers also found evidence that the place is frequented by a gang of counterfeiters. It is the opinion of the revenue men that these bones are the remains of some government officers who had met instant death at the hands of the outlaws, or of members of their gang who had betrayed them, or who they feared would give their secrets away, and, acting on the theory that dead men tell no tales, had murdered them, or that they might be the bones of those who had met death in battles with the enemy.

There were many side passages leading to the cave, and the officers believe that if they had continued through the cave they would have found another opening that led to the outer world. They were disposed to explore more of this cavern, but their guide, John Mullins, a fearless mountaineer, warned them that if they valued their lives they should not.